

## The News Scimitar

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## NO MORE CONVERSATION WITH GERMANY UNTIL SHE SURRENDERS COMPLETELY

From an ultimatum to a proposal for an armistice is a decided change accomplished in three brief months of marvelous developments.

But we must not overlook the fact that the German, in pursuing the subject of peace, lingers fondly upon the things he would like to do, and touches but lightly upon the things that he may be forced to do.

Peace, as we understand it, final and enduring peace, can come only from a decisive issue at arms, from which there can be no appeal to any other tribunal, and no return to force in the lives of the present or the next generation.

Peace, as the German is willing to accept it, is little short of an armed truce, from which the nation will profit most that can the more quickly recuperate. The German has great faith in his recuperative qualities.

The German persists in proposing terms of peace. He is even sufficiently conciliatory to employ methods which he hopes will accelerate the approach of an honorable peace!

Instead of crawling on his belly pleading for mercy he has the temerity to gratuitously propose to show the allies how they may obtain a cessation of war. He would point the way for the allies to find that which he, most of all, is earnestly seeking and in most need of finding.

In his last note he pleads that destruction is necessary for covering a retreat. Not one hundredth part of the destructiveness he has wrought was accomplished in retreat. It was in the flush of success, when destruction had no military or strategic value, that vandalism reached its flood tide. Those were days when the enemy was merciless. Protests would have been unavailing. It was only in his hour of disaster that warnings of reprisals had any significance for the German, and not until the allies could threaten similar treatment for German cities, with a fair prospect of carrying it out, did they feel warranted in issuing a warning that carried a penalty.

The submarines, the enemy claims, have been notified not to sink any more passenger ships, but he gives no guarantee that women and children will not be murdered before the modified orders reach them. If there has been any justification for such methods of warfare in the past there would be no occasion for altering them now. Because a man ceases to kill, is he to be absolved from the crimes he has committed? Is a man guilty only so long as he continues to kill, and does he attain to innocence when he has satisfied his lust for blood?

That there has been an internal upheaval in Germany is a probability. If a government responsible to the people is in process of formation, it is not to be attributed to President Wilson's expressed determination not to deal with those responsible for the conduct of the war, but to the dissatisfaction of the people over the failure of those charged with responsibility to conduct it successfully. We owe them no special consideration because they have sought to alter the fortune of war, or because they have not spared those in authority, in the hope of changing defeat into victory.

The allied critics give the Germans credit for executing the retreat with masterly skill. It is admitted that Ludendorff has extricated himself from a precarious situation with a minimum loss of men and material. The rout that we wished for, but scarcely had cause to expect, did not materialize.

The culminating episode, therefore, that brought the German much nearer to accepting an unconditional surrender than he has yet admitted, was not due to the soldiers in the field, but to something that has transpired at home.

Undoubtedly there is war weariness in Germany. It is to be found in all countries that have bled and suffered for more than four years. But mere weariness does not alter a nation's determination to carry on. Rudely and almost suddenly the German dream of world dominion was shattered, and in its stead came the dread fear of defeat and invasion. He has gloried in the ruthlessness of his army in France and Belgium, but his soul has been filled with horror at the thought of the invasion of the Fatherland, the loss of his beer garden and his ratskeller.

He knows how Bulgaria fell by the wayside. He knows that Turkey is practically out of the war, and that Austria-Hungary is merely staying in until she sees what terms Germany is able to secure.

It is only a matter of time until Germany will be without an ally. The Dardanelles will be open, and the allies will have access to the Black Sea. Germany has already lost her submarine bases on the Belgian coast. With Austria-Hungary out of the war a million additional soldiers would be available for an attack upon Germany through that country, and the German would have another front to defend.

Germany has lost the war, as she deserved to lose it, unless we temporize with her, and permit her to make capital of our credulity. Unconditional surrender is the most liberal terms we can afford to make, and Germany should be warned that any further attempt to prolong the conversation with other conditions should be dispatched with return postage.

Our good friend Mr. Martin J. Condon tells us that some of the members of the country clubs feel that a reflection was cast upon their patriotism in an editorial in which an effort was made to be facetious over the lifting of the ban on "guest Sunday." So far as we have heard there were only one or two technical violations of the letter of the request and no violation of the spirit. We might add that the observance of the government request by these clubs was 100 per cent patriotic. No set of men in Memphis have sacrificed more nobly or given more generously to every worthy call on their time and means. A criticism of them would be a reflection upon the intelligence of the person making it.

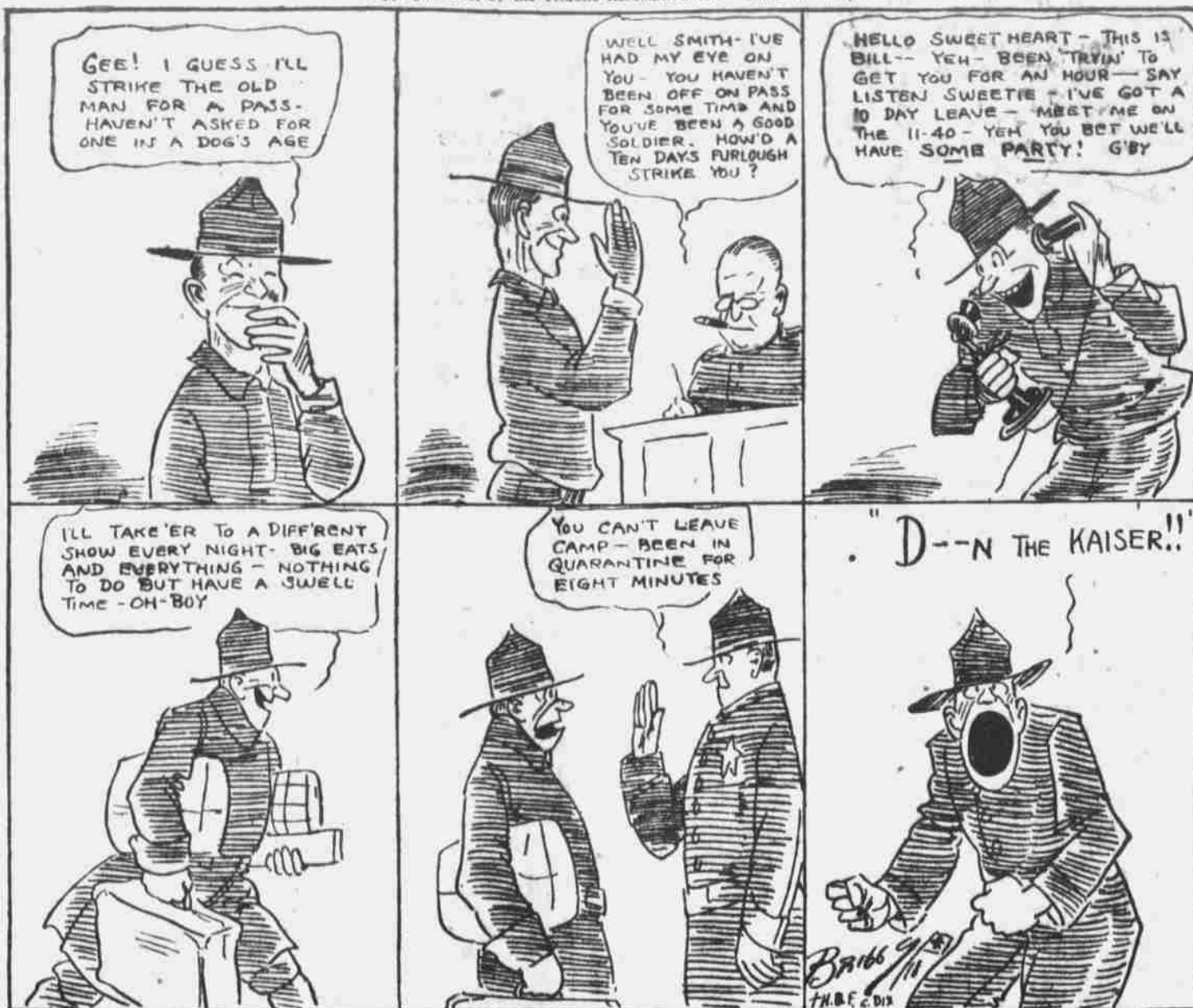
Noting that Paris officially reports the French have reached the Danube, we can now expect them to "waltz" right in and render the "Blue Danube" even bluer.

With country butter selling at 75 cents a pound in the surrounding towns we are persuaded that we need a butter epidemic.

The Germans are still making protests of their respectability. Everyone wants to be measured by his own standard.

## Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life—By Briggs

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## Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.  
The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

A remarkable woman who has organized and carried on an important work was telling me the other day of some of the difficulties she encountered in securing just the right kind of assistance.

"What did you say to that girl?" I asked the admiring lady.

"Not much," she said. "I laughed. It really was rather funny, but it was over and done, and no one had suffered anything more than a trifling inconvenience. It was one of those blunders which one forgives readily to a friend, but not to a business associate."

"Did you give her the position she was so anxious to secure?" I asked curiously.

"I did not," she said emphatically. "Socially she was a very agreeable and charming girl, but she could never be my private secretary, not in a thousand years. Consider the almost dizzying untidiness she had shown for any position involving responsibility and also the middle-aged way in which she faced an unexpected situation."

"Run over the case: she had offered her services when she was not asked to do so, and yet when her request was granted she fell down on the job."

"I suppose that she fell that she was between the devil and the deep sea," I remarked. "And it didn't make much difference which way she jumped."

"It made the difference that she lost a business position that she was moving heaven and earth to gain," said the admiring lady, dryly. "If you find yourself in a position to have to choose between a sin against good manners and a sin against your bread and butter, it is wise to follow the good manners side, and let the good manners alone."

"But entirely apart from that, she had shown herself untrustworthy; heedless of her obligations, and in an emergency lacking initiative and resourcefulness. A dear girl, but she was not the kind of person I can rely upon."

"And she had been so very unkind to me people that I can rely upon."

"She had been so very unkind to me people that I can rely upon."

"She had been so very unkind to me people that I can rely upon."

## TRUE HERO.

He was a battling boxer from South Boston before the war and somewhere between Soissons and Rheims the German shot him through the chest. He was being carried from the regimental aid station to a litter when he spotted another wounded man from his company lying to one side waiting his turn. The boxer raised such an uproar that they had to let him get off and try to walk while his pal was carried back. The doctors said it would be impossible for him to walk. He walked.

## KNEW HOW.

The welfare worker glanced around apprehensively as she entered the humble dwelling. "Are you not afraid to live here? I don't see any fire-escape!" "Law, no, miss! I don't need one," returned the satisfied slum dweller. "Whenever the cops come up after me I makes my getaway over the roof!"



## On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

## THE OLD BOYS.

Uncle Si and Uncle Reuben, whom we love with all our might, who have scorned through life all evil, striving always for the right, have riz up and took a notion that it's up to us to win, 'cause they've got a darn good idee something's wrong out at Berlin. Suffrin' cats! Them drafted villains with their crooked dealin's show that they're mean as any pizen, blacker than the blackest crow. By heck! Uncle Sam's a partner and they'll back him in this row till the varmint over yonder's harmless as a dehorned cow. They can't go, but John and Nathan have done gone to give 'em fits and their neighbors' boys is with 'em, and they bet them Germans gits. But they ain't too old for farmin', raisin' stuff to feed the meat and the fellers fightin' with 'em. Drat it, why, they're young again. Young enough to hoe potatoes, plow the corn and mow the hay, feed the hogs that make the bacon, and they've got no time for play. And so, if their help is needed for to make the skunks behave, just by heck, call Si and Reuben—they ain't nowhere near the grave.

HARLAN BABCOCK.

## OUR OWN KHAYYAM.

Wake! for the sun has scattered into flight  
The glooms of the war from out the fields of Night,  
Drive Night along with them from heaven and strikes  
The Potsdam turret with a Shaft of Light.

And as the cock crew, those who stood before  
The palace shouted, "Open, then, the door."  
You know how little time you have to stay,  
And once departed, you'll return no more."

Herbert Spencer said the chief difference between the savage and the civilized man is the former's lack of vision.  
And some civilized person will doubtless twist this around into an argument in favor of those freak bone-rimmed spectacles.

B. L. T. advises us that the Prohibitionists should select for their party emblem the wild crow of Arabia (beatrix-orxy), which is said never to drink.

Begins to look as though Prince Maximilian's peace proposal was only a "dud." At any rate, it didn't make much noise.

## WHY BE A BOSS?

"The pay for laborers is \$4.40 a day. Their helpers get \$4.95 a day."—New York Times.

Another question which we may be excused for asking is what is going to become of that barkeep who is famed in song and story, Mr. Philip McCann?

July 1 will make the endo f a perf (hic) day.

## ANSWER "COLLECT."

We've received the little peace pronouncements,  
We've digested well the wherefore and the why,  
We're not at all in doubt about the matter,  
And Jack Pershing will deliver our reply.

## Gossip

BY K.C.B.

Dear K. C. B.—Two weeks ago someone taught my wife how to make apple tapoca pudding. She is so proud of her accomplishment that for two weeks we have had apple tapoca every night for dessert. She is a perfectly satisfactory wife in every other way, and I fear I might offend her if I should mention my growing dislike for apple tapoca. As she made your column every day, I am appealing to you to invent some way of dissuading her from this (and, I fear, longer) upon me. Yours truly, BILL McNULTY, No. 64 West Ninth St., New York City.

MY DEAR BILL,  
WHEN I read your letter,  
I WENT away back  
PAST TWENTY years.  
TO A fatal day,  
WHEN A neighbor woman  
SHOWED MY wife,  
HOW TO make a dessert,  
WITH A lot of marshmallows,  
ALL MESS'N' up,  
WITH GOBS of whipped cream,  
AND LIKE your wife,  
MY WIFE was so glad,  
SHE'D FOUND something new,  
THAT SHE fed me the stuff,  
ALMOST EVERY night,  
FOR TWO or three weeks,  
AND FOR the reason,  
WED ONLY been married,  
A COUPLE of months,  
AND HADN'T yet quarreled,  
I HADN'T the heart,  
TO HOLLER about it,  
AND I ate that stuff,  
TILL I used to gag,  
AT THE sight of a cow,  
OR A candy store,  
AND ONE night I grew sick,  
AND HAD terrible cramps,  
AND THE doctor next door,  
CAME INTO our house,  
AND I whispered to him,  
THAT FOR three weeks past,  
I HAD been eating marshmallows,  
ALL COVERED with cream,  
AND TOLD him why.

AND BEGGED his help,  
AND HE looked very wise,  
AND SAID to my wife,  
"IT LOOKS to me,  
LIKE A marshmallow case."  
WHEN HE knew all the time,  
IT WAS just plain cramps,  
AND THEN he asked,  
IF I'D been eating marshmallows,  
AND MY wife said I had,  
AND HE felt my pulse,  
AND FUSSED around so,  
THAT MY wife was frightened,  
AND WANTED to know,  
IF HE thought I'd live,  
IF I'D give up the habit,  
OF EATING marshmallows,  
AND MY wife said I would,  
AND I did,  
AND LISTEN, BILL,  
IF YOU'VE got cramps,  
AND SEND for me,  
I'LL PLAY I'm a doctor,  
AND COME around,  
AND LOOK you over,  
AND TELL your wife,  
THAT YOU look to me,  
LIKE A tapoca case,  
AND SCARE her to death,  
AND IF that won't stop her,  
YOU'D BETTER leave her,  
WHILE YOU'RE able to walk.

I THANK YOU.

## Twice Told Tales

OCTOBER 22, 1893.  
The Litchfield Car Works company has decided to build an immense car works near the Memphis on the Binghamton tract, it is announced.

E. C. LaHache, of the Cotton exchange, has been appointed on a committee to suffer from the New Orleans storm, in which 27 lost their lives.

The Tennessee Brewery boys defeated the Athletics yesterday in a match game for \$100 by a score of 11 to 8.

Field's Columbian minstrel will occupy the boards at the Lyceum theater.

About 1000 persons attended the opening of the new Memphis auditorium last night and were delightfully entertained by the exercises.

Rev. Dr. Max Samfield addressed his congregation eloquently last night on "Associations."

The river gauge here today read only 3.2 feet.

Rev. W. W. Adams, pastor, will preach on "Harvest Home" at the First Methodist church Sunday morning.

The Memphis Athletic club lost in a football game yesterday in Nashville to the Vanderbilt university by the score of 45 to 9.

Justice J. M. Coleman returned Friday from Chicago.

Miss Adeline Dahms will be the attraction at the Grand opera house next week.

The Washakie railroad is offering during the last month of the World's Fair a round trip to Chicago for \$12.75.

OCTOBER 22, 1908.  
Hubert F. Fisher and Thomas B. Caldwell were named as candidates for the state, the nominating committee last night.

Mrs. W. A. Gage, Vance avenue, has as her guest Mrs. Helen W. Bartlett, wife of Col. George T. Bartlett, commander of Fort Sigler.

Committees are perfecting plans for the mammoth convention of cotton growers which will be held in Memphis Nov. 10-12.

Thomas B. Collier, of Memphis, has been commissioned a member of the national Democratic finance committee.

The municipality of Tokio today entertained the men and officers of the American fleet, a luncheon being attended by Admiral Sperry, Ambassador O'Brien and others.

A strong bodyguard has been placed around the Patterson, who is at Samburg, Tenn., as a result of many threats from night riders who murdered Capt. Quinton Rankin and nearly killed Judge R. Z. Taylor.

Yesterday's contributions to the Bryan Democratic campaign fund at Chicago was announced as \$18,584, with one for \$4,000 from Senator R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota.

Capt. Roane Waring, of the Memphis national guard, has been ordered to the Reelfoot lake district with his companies.

Option on the present Y. M. C. A. site, 177 Union avenue, has been closed by the Lake View Traction company.

## Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER,  
Compiled by John G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

The Violet.  
Thou tellest truths unspoken yet by man,  
By this thy lonely home and modest look;  
For he has not the eyes such truth to look;  
Nor learns to read from such a lonely book.  
With him it is not life firm-fixed to grow,  
Beneath the outspreading oaks and Content this humble lot of thine to know.  
Thou, nearest neighbor of the creeping vines,  
Without fixed root he cannot trust like thee,  
The rain will know the appointed hour to fall,  
But fears lest sun or shower may hurtful be,  
And would delay or speed them with his will;  
Nor trust like thee, when wintry winds blow cold,  
Whose shrinking form the withered leaves enfold.  
—Jones Very.

Grant, Almighty God, that as we can not look for temporal or eternal happiness except through Christ alone, and as Thou settest Him forth to us as the true fountain of all blessings—O grant that we, being content with the favor offered to us through Him, may learn to renounce the whole world, and so strive against all unbelief that we may not doubt that Thou wilt ever be our kind and gracious Father, and supply whatever is necessary for our support; and may we at the same time live soberly and temperately so that we may not be under the power of earthly things, but with our hearts raised above aspire after this heavenly bliss to which Thou invitest us, and to which Thou also guidest us by such helps as are earthly, so that being really united to our Head we may at length reach that glory which has been procured for us by His own blood.  
Amen.—C. E. Edwards.

She now rarely lost the sacred opportunity of giving pleasure.—Sarah W. Stephen, "Joy and Strength."  
Dayton, Ohio.

WRONG TACK.  
Two political candidates were discussing the coming local election. "What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" queried one. "A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest," returned the other.